

## The Conning Tower

### FOR TO-MORROW

Happy New Year every one  
Underneath the well known sun!  
Man and woman, boy and girl,  
Pansy, Prudence, Polly, Pearl,  
Natives of the several climes,  
Readers of the New York Times,  
Workers, lawyers, robbers, bankers,  
Prohibitionists and tankers,  
Those who haven't got a jitney,  
Those who, à la H. P. Whitney,  
Have their share of milk and honey,  
Even those who owe me money,  
German, Englishman and Hun—  
Happy New Year every one!

"Happy New Year every one  
Underneath the well known sun!"  
That is what I want to say  
In a general sort of way.  
But I mean especially  
Those of high or low degree  
Who, unlike their elder brothers,  
Never could obey their mothers—  
Socialists and bobbed hair ladies,  
People who are bound for hades,  
Hedonists, Free Lovers, hacks,  
Students of the Single Tax,  
Faddists, anarchists and fools  
Of the various "modern schools,"  
People who "traverse the void,"  
People who are steeped in Freud,  
Poets, painters, friends of beer,  
Everybody known as "queer."

Thus, in short, this poet sends  
New Year greetings to his friends.

GULLIVER.

The watch for the winning contribution to The Conning Tower hereby is declared awarded to Mr. Archie Austin Coates, whose series, "Here Are Ladies," was printed last June and July. We wish him a happy and ladyful New Year.

And our warm, if inarticulate, gratitude hereby is extended to every contrib who has sent anything to The Tower. Frequently we abuse and vilify the contrib, but that attitude is largely a pose, for we love the contrib. And we love him—and, at least as warmly, her—with an affection not bounded by a realization of what he—and sometimes she—does for us. For we do realize that he writes, for no pay, the unarguably best things that appear in this Minaret of Mirth. A happy and—if we do say it that should not—productive new year to you, bless your unselfish hearts!

### RONDEAU

May happy smiles abound with thee  
And all the life from care be free.  
And now, at this best New Year's tide,  
I wish thee all thy joys beside,  
With many, many more to be.  
But stay, I pray thee think not me.  
'Twas I who bid me write, "Twas she.  
Ah, see the blush she cannot hide—  
May, happy, smiles.  
Well, May, thinkst thou this mistletoe  
With P. A. makes one, two, three?  
Perhaps it counts him but deride—  
Maybe he thinks such stuff is idle.  
Or if it fills his heart with glee,  
Mayhap he smiles. ELMO F. ARBIA.

Money can buy anything, even—in some newspapers—preferred position for advertising matter. In "The Daily Princetonian," (for example, the advertisement of J. P. Morgan & Co. appears between that of Struve's Billiards and Bowling Arcade and that of the Princeton Bakery.

## Gotham Gleanings

\*\*\*To our readers one and all a happy new year is what we say.

\*\*\*Wm. Dean Howells is in Florida for the frigid epoch (winter).

\*\*\*Mr. and Mrs. W. Scott Trumbull spent the Yuletide (Christmas) in Hartford.

\*\*\*Lester Darcy of Australia is in our busy midst, which is even busier since Les's arrival.

\*\*\*Will Beebe who has a piece in the Jan. Atlantic monthly had Xmas breakfast at ye ed's.

\*\*\*Well this is New Year's eve it being 3 yrs. since we began to work for our present fortunate employers.

\*\*\*Thos. W. Wilson of Staunton, Va., celebrated his 60th birthday in Washington Thursday afternoon and evening.

\*\*\*Friends of Allan Pollock will be glad to know that he was o. k. a month ago. Allan's address is Field Post Office, France.

\*\*\*Deems Taylor and wife are in Paris, Fr., at this writing. Deems, as Mrs. T. often remarks, used to run a column on the Press.

\*\*\*Tom Niles the w. k. chicle potentate has bought him a new silk hat for his own exclusive use. Ataboy, Tom, as the slang phrase goes.

\*\*\*Art Folwell enjoyed a performance of William Collier's show one night last week, and this item is not to quare Art for getting free seats for the show, because he didn't, but paid for same.

\*\*\*Art Maurice the w. k. and popular editor of the Bookman has resigned his job and is going to engage in war relief work. Art will be greatly missed, he having edited the Bookman for 17 years.

\*\*\*Rob Wildhack was a pleasant caller Wednesday to tell us about the new phonograph record "Sneezes," on one side, and "Snore," on the other which he has made, they now being on the market.

"Now I wonder," wonders G. J., "if it would interest you to know that at Princeton Thursday, after Professor Fred Newton Scott had given his address on the accentuation of popular phrases and titles of best sellers, a gentleman asked him if he had made any investigation of the accentuation of proper names, and Doctor Scott said, 'Only those of the Presidents of the United States—they all had weak endings, as, for example, Woodrow Wilson.'"

### THE SPIRIT OF YULETIDE

To WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:  
I, the undersigned, wish to apologize to Mr. and Mrs. Morrell Chandler of 449 Davis ave., Arlington, N. J., for entering their house by mistake, also for anything that I may have said or done December 28, 1916.  
(Signed) FRANCIS P. HAVILAND.

"Charlie Case and Billy Van are surely worthy of mention in the column," writes R. F. V., "but what of Press Eldridge? You have not forgotten him with his ballet-skirt, his limericks, (I know you don't like them) and his 'Fol-da-la-la, Fol-da-la-la, Fol-da-la-la-lally,' which lingers in my memory as one of Vaudeville's most enjoyable productions." No; we have not forgotten Press Eldridge, but he never struck us as having the Comic Gift. . . . Another who had it was James Hocy, a brother of Old Hoss Hocy.

Dear Readers: Please accept, with our compliments, 1 gross kisses for 1/12 doz. Grande M. Happy New Years.

And oblige.

F. P. A.

## The Art World in 1916 And in the Coming Year

Painters Lost to America and Paintings Gained—Prospects of the Modernists Here and Abroad—The Influence of the War

By ROYAL CORTISSOZ

The year to which we say farewell to-night has not been especially memorable in matters of art. There have been some interesting events, but nothing of a sensational order has occurred. Perhaps the most significant episode to be recalled is the opening of the new museum at Cleveland, important in itself and even more so as representative of what has come to be a steady movement in American life. Public galleries in this country are increasing in number so rapidly that we can no longer doubt our ultimately reaching the European standard in this field of culture. Meanwhile we have the prospect of possessing in the Freer Museum, at Washington, now in course of construction, an institution destined to remain unique. Mr. Freer has long been ransacking the East for its antique paintings and potteries, accumulating masterpieces in advance of all the foreign collectors. Gleaners in his footsteps will find that he has left them comparatively few accessible prizes. The student of Chinese art will henceforth have to travel to Washington. In the year's bulletins of the Metropolitan Museum the most fruitful activities recorded have been those relating to classical and Egyptian art and archaeology, though there have been profitable transactions in later periods. The acquisitions of paintings have included two notable gifts, the Colonna Raphael, from Mr. Morgan, and Regnault's "Salome," from Mr. G. F. Baker.

### CAUSES FOR REGRET AND REJOICING

The death list has been heavy. William Gendy Bence was a peculiarly bitter loss. He was well past his prime when he died, but he seemed never to lose his gift for that glowing, romantic interpretation of Venetian themes which long ago made him famous. Ranger's death was as severe a shock. He was at his best when the end came, painting landscapes of a rich breadth and ending them with a more and more imaginative vitality. Landscape art is the poorer, too, for the death of John Enckering, as portraitist for the deaths of Bakins, Flagg and Chase. Henry Wolf left American wood engraving short of one of its strongest pillars, and, apropos of work in black and white, we must not fail to invoke the memory of the late Alexander W. Drake, whose services to the art of illustration were of extraordinary value. Abroad the necrology has embraced the names of the veteran landscapist Harpignies, the sculptor Merce and the mystical painter Cullen Bodson. While modern art has been suffering these losses, the most striking incidents to be recorded amongst American collectors have been purchases of

pieces will be placed on public exhibition here within a short time. Their arrival in the United States, of course, revives speculation as to how far the economic vicissitudes promoted overseas by the war will aggrandize American collections. When the war broke out it seemed certain that it would send quantities of old masters to the market. They have got there, undoubtedly, but not in as great volume as was expected. For our own part we are not sorry. Every fine old master brought to America is a cause for rejoicing, yet it is more than painful to profit by the losses and sorrows of those who in this conflict have our deepest sympathies. We never had a new old master nowadays without experiencing at the same moment a pang of regret, without wishing that the English or French owner had been able to stave off the inevitable. We may note here, in passing, a recent publication to which we shall return on some other occasion. This is Mr. Bernard Berenson's "Venetian Painting in America" (Frederic Fairchild Sherman), a collection of essays on fifteenth century masters. He illustrates some four score paintings by Bartolomme Vivarini, Carlo Crivelli, Antonello da Messina, Giovanni Bel-

lue there at all. Artists whose styles were formed before 1914 go right on working to-day as they worked then. In conversations among painters and sculptors one hears not infrequently expressions of curiosity as to "what is going to happen when peace is declared." There is much guesswork, but that is all, and not even artists have returned from abroad seem to have noticed anything "in the air" that really promised change. Here and there it seems to be thought that when the artists who have gone to the trenches get out of them they will have something new to say. We wonder. The postal cards painted in the trenches give no sign that French artists, at all events, are filling their scant leisure with new experiments. In the reaction following the war men will be thrown back upon the older conventions as upon sources of repose and quiet happiness. They may be too fatigued for revolution. The problem is, to be sure, quite insoluble at present, and we make no pretense of shedding any light upon it; but we may perhaps be permitted to hazard an opinion.

This is that the war's influence, apart from the obvious cult it will develop for military subjects, will not be made manifest in any deep, spiritual sense for a good many years after peace comes. It will count, we think, only as a temporary stimulus, slowly crystallizing and feeding men's minds. The disconcerting thing about much current talk on the subject is that it assumes the artist to be like the poet—a kind of seer, a prophet, a man who by every wind of the very nature of his medium he is constrained to a more deliberate process of creative action. We cannot believe that he is going to leap from the trenches and immediately begin to try to match on canvas or in marble what he has seen and felt during the war, and that he will feel the need of inventing a new technique for the purpose. He couldn't be as facile or as shallow as that. We guess, in our turn, that he will be, if anything, terribly sobered, and very grateful for the steady, constructive help offered him by the historic past.

One circumstance contributing to this hypothesis is the arid history of the "Modernist" movement in this country. The Armory Show of four years ago has borne little of the good fruit that some of its admirers have come to expect. Freshish painters of the sort it favored are doubtless more numerous than they were and the sheep-like zealots—fearful of being left off the band wagon—who heat for them are still assiduous at their thumping. The fact remains that the so-called innovators have done nothing, as yet, to show that they ought to be taken over seriously. There are rumors of a new group of "Independents," which is to model its exhibitions on those of the Allied Artists' Society, dispensing with juries. If it brings some good works of art to light, so much the better. But in art there is nothing talismanic about organization. It is not a way of exhibiting, but a way of painting, that makes an artist. There seems to be a notion in some quarters that the secret of a new life for American art must reside in some new scheme for getting the public excited about it. The public will get excited when it is offered a good reason, namely, a great painting or a great piece of sculpture. No; the freshish gentry have not justified themselves. In those conversations to which we have referred we have heard artists wondering if one result of the war would not be the scornful sweeping into the dust bin of all this amateurish bounce and crudity. The idea is the more persuasive inasmuch as the stuff seems to be heading inward even now. It makes far less noise in the world than it did. That, by itself, is a cheering reflection with which to leave the old year for the new.

### EXHIBITION OF FABRIC DESIGNS

An exhibition of fabric designs made in America is held at the gallery of the Art Alliance of America. The designs are entered in a competition for prizes. The first of \$100 was won by Miss Durand de Sumner, the second (\$75) by Miss Martha Ryther, and the third (\$50) by Mr. Andrew Flory. Entrants from nineteen states are represented in the exhibition. An effort to show the wealth of motives to be derived from the past was made when the sole restriction placed upon the competitors was that their inspiration be got from a museum or a library.



QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA  
(From the Portrait by Van Dyck)

## Random Impressions In Current Exhibitions

New Things Soon To Be Presented—Mr. Thomas B. Clarke's Collection of Eastern Pottery—The Salmagundians—Pictures at the MacDowell Club

The exhibition of the fourth section of Mr. Frederic R. Halsey's print collection, the one devoted to British mezzotints and stipples, was opened yesterday at the Anderson Galleries. The sale will occupy five evenings, beginning Monday, January 8th. At the American Art Galleries, where important sales in bewildering number are scheduled for the new year, there will be nothing to surpass in interest the late James F. Sutton's collection of paintings by Claude Monet, to be put on exhibition on January 10. Mr. Sutton's ardor for the great French impressionist was developed early, he obtained illustrations of all the periods in the painter's career, examples of the haystack series, the Rouen cathedral series, the nymphs series and so on. The march of fashion has not yet left Monet behind. The dispersal of this collection of his works will be an event.

At the Arlington Gallery there opens on Tuesday an exhibition of paintings by Isabel Cohen, Jean A. Robinson and Susan Ricker Knox. A collection of recent paintings by Childe Hassam will be placed on view at the Montross Gallery on Wednesday. It is to be followed by an exhibition of paintings by Jonas Lie. The Macbeth Gallery promises in a few weeks an exhibition of paintings by Charles W. Hawthorne.

### Precious Vases Out of the Ancient Past

Pottery vases of Eastern origin from the sixth century B. C. to the eighteenth century A. D., collected by the indefatigable Thomas B. Clarke, are shown at the American Art Galleries. There are 748 numbers in the catalogue. They are to be sold on the afternoons of January 3, 4, 5 and 6. The dates just given are enough to convey a very good idea of the breadth of range of the collection. There are among the Italian things—perhaps too casually catalogued beneath the general title "of Eastern origin"—what may be the largest gathering of Castel Durante faience, that boldly designed and opulent ware, ever placed on public sale here. The Greek vases of the classic period are present in force of quantity and variety. They are anecdotal. Their coolness of color and precision of line add, by contrast, luxuriance to the colors of the Oriental pieces. The Greeks were not colorists. Their art may be rather a question of logic, of constructive common sense, of intellectual purity. In the Italian pieces emotionalism piles girth on the color, giving it, with greater wealth, greater depth. Here the color may very well have dictated the form. The Italian designs have sometimes a coarseness which approaches vulgarity, and the color has, too, occasionally, though it is never strident.

Several of the pieces of the Han dynasty are illustrated in Professor

Laufer's book on Chinese pottery. Among the examples of Rakka ware are a number which, having been saved in a large receptacle from contact with the earth, appear now in their original colors, their glazes perfectly preserved. There are seven Persian lustre bottles with slender, attenuated necks; granary urns from China, Persian birdhead pitchers, Rhodian flacons of the sixteenth century, Spanish and Arabian and Hispano-Moresque pieces, numberless pieces of Italian white majolica, a blue Egyptian vessel, a Babylonian work of the eighth century, and, from China, potteries of the Tang, Sung, Yuan, Ming and Ch'ing dynasties. It is nearly impossible to catalogue the vast variety of decorative motifs exposed here, but since most of them are very old it is possible to claim for them—in general or even in particular instances, excepting those from Greece, upon which fashion does not so fondly smile—an almost unbelievable relation to the latest things of art. Here are the roots to which many moderns, skipping centuries, have gone; gone to borrow with sometimes a "thank you" and more often with but a superficial appreciation of their real significance. To understand them is not to copy them.

A number of Rhodian pieces, as, for example, a pear-shaped ewer (678), a globular bottle-shaped vase (683) and a cylindrical tankard (679), might be placed to advantage in studios of certain artists who would use nature too persistently as the dictionary suggested by Delacroix. The Rakka pieces of the ninth century (643, 644, 645) on a wonderfully lustrous blue-green bear designs in black that are bold and symmetrical and not overprecise. This last may account for their appeal to a fastidious human race.

It is very possible that the "pieces de resistance" of the last afternoon's sale will be the globular Rakka of the ninth century (No. 610), with a small mouth and broad, spreading foot. The glaze of this piece, to quote from the catalogue, is "cream white deepening to pale, clear sea-green tones, where the flow thickens, with broad and bold lines over a thin glaze of gray-white, both glazes showing on both exterior and interior surface areas of silver and golden iridescence and the superior glaze ending in various tears. Exterior decorated in brown lustre with a deep band of geometrical pattern and vermicular scrolls, interrupted by four medallions of broad vermicular outline between borders of deeper lustre." But single pieces may not hold the attention of the catholic observers long. There are too many of them; the competition is too strong. And the collection will appeal to them as a whole of beauty in line, in form, in color and of that romance which to the matter of fact among us is known as geographical. A romance this not of dimly lighted rooms or of pale moonlight, but of mysterious distant lands, of curious customs and of quaint, alluring arts. We recognize in all this the roots of our own decorative motifs, the fundamental notes from which our enthusiastic eclecticism has built a style.

The present exhibition at the MacDowell Club wants, more than anything else, authoritative statement. The painters for the most part are in a formative stage, or appear to be. Miss Theresa Bernstein, for example, in the "Open-air Show," gives a fat, luscious arrangement of color good enough, perhaps, to excite laxity in the drawing, but in the "Elevated," wherein are neither drawing nor color, and a brazen daring, oversteps all bounds erected by the conscientious painter who, given a degree of knowledge, allows to his head some constraint over his emotional impulses. Miss Bernstein, however, has talent, and her canvases are the most interesting of those contributed to this show. "The Mountains," with its yellow sky, and entertaining spotting of dark trees over a rolling, hilly country, by chance for this is "hit or miss" painting—gives a pleasing air of having been seen as a whole and completely recorded. Le Roy Barnett's "Study of an Old Woman" is another exception to the rule stated at the beginning of this note. Miss Maud M. Mason makes still another exception with her "A Bowl of Fruit." Other exhibitors are Horace Brown, Mary Nicholson MacCord, Maria Judson Stream, Aletha Hill Platt, Vane Smith, Jesse Whitsett and Karl F. Skoug.

Thumb box pictures by members of the Salmagundi Club are shown in the galleries of the City Club. Among the exhibitors are Hobart Nichols, H. A. Vincent, Edmond Greenen, who sees life through a haze quite his own; Everett L. Warner, E. M. Bicknell, Arthur J. E. Powell, F. W. Hutchinson, Ernest D. Roth, more at home with an etcher's needle; John Ward Dunsmore, painter of costume pictures that are dainty and correct; W. Granville Smith, Alexander Schilling, E. Irving Coose, F. De Haven and A. T. Van Loon. The exhibition rooms are open daily. Ladies are admitted between 11 a. m. and 4 p. m. It is an interesting, informal little show in which a number of dexterous painters have given full, unrestrained play to impetuous brushes and palettes more or less alive in color.



MARY VILLIERS, DUCHESS OF RICHMOND AND LENOX  
(From the Portrait by Van Dyck)

old masters. Mr. Widener bought the Martelli Donatello, Mr. Frick obtained Gainsborough's "Mall," one of the most renowned pictures in eighteenth century English art. Very recently the firm of Lewis & Simmons has announced the purchase of five famous Van Dycks from the Earl of Denbigh. The group has long conferred a kind of splendor upon Newnham Paddock, the Earl's home in Leicestershire. It was an ancestor of his who figured in the intimate circle of Charles I. and received from the King the best portraits of himself and Queen Henrietta Maria which are now to find their home in this country. Van Dyck appears to have had in mind the portrayal of the Queen in the style of his celebrated trio of the King, but he executed his studies of the three positions on three different canvases. The third is this one from Newnham Paddock, a profile which even in a small reproduction exerts all of the master's courtly charm. Another portrait in this glittering company is the full length of Mary Villiers, Duchess of Richmond and Lennox, taking a letter from a salver brought to her by the dwarf, Mrs. Gibson. The portrait of her husband and one of Lady Elizabeth appears to complete the set. It is good to know that all these master-

pieces will be placed on public exhibition here within a short time. Their arrival in the United States, of course, revives speculation as to how far the economic vicissitudes promoted overseas by the war will aggrandize American collections. When the war broke out it seemed certain that it would send quantities of old masters to the market. They have got there, undoubtedly, but not in as great volume as was expected. For our own part we are not sorry. Every fine old master brought to America is a cause for rejoicing, yet it is more than painful to profit by the losses and sorrows of those who in this conflict have our deepest sympathies. We never had a new old master nowadays without experiencing at the same moment a pang of regret, without wishing that the English or French owner had been able to stave off the inevitable. We may note here, in passing, a recent publication to which we shall return on some other occasion. This is Mr. Bernard Berenson's "Venetian Painting in America" (Frederic Fairchild Sherman), a collection of essays on fifteenth century masters. He illustrates some four score paintings by Bartolomme Vivarini, Carlo Crivelli, Antonello da Messina, Giovanni Bel-



WINTER AT VETHEUIL  
(From the Painting by Claude Monet in the Sutton Collection)